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## NEW MEXICO.

How One-Third of the Union's Area  
was Saved.

## THE TEXAS COLUMN.

The Colorado Troops in Colo-  
rado and New Mexico.

## GLORIETA.

Valverde, Apache Canyon, Pe-  
ralta and Sand Creek.BY A. R. SAMSON, SERGEANT, TROOP F, 1ST  
COLORADO CAV., TUCSON, ARIZONA.

OLORADO at the outbreak of the war had no mail communication with the States, except by stages. An ordinary journey from the Missouri River to Denver required from 30 to 60 days. Its population was from all sections of the Union, and at least one-third thereof was in favor of secession.

In the summer of 1861 a body of men who had been formerly residents of Kansas, were en route back, intending to offer their services to their old commander, Gen. "Jim" Lane. The writer was one of that detachment.

When we arrived at Denver, Gov. Gilpin prevailed upon us to enlist in the 1st Colorado, assuring us that he would make ours a cavalry company; the rest of the regiment being infantry. We mustered in as Co. F, and, according to the Governor's promise, was equipped as cavalry.

Rumors of a Texan army advancing north were current, and our company was assigned to duty at Fort Lyon, on the Arkansas River about 250 miles southeast of Denver.

On the 2d of March, 1862, a courier arrived with news of the battle of Valverde, near Fort Craig, N. M., reporting the enemy victorious. The following account of that battle was given me by men who took part therein:

Gen. Sibley had slowly advanced from Texas with over 4,000 men, the different forts surrendering without a fight. Gen. Canby knowing that the enemy had cannon and could easily destroy Fort Craig, determined to

RISK A BATTLE and check the rebel advance into New Mexico.

Canby's force consisted of the 5th, 7th and 10th U. S. Inf.; Co. A, 2d Colo., and two regiments of New Mexico volunteers. These last two regiments were composed of native Mexicans and commanded, respectively, by Col. Kit Carson and Col. Pino. Three hundred dragoons, under Capt. Lord, completed the force, which numbered, in all, about 3,600 men.

On the 21st of February the enemy had passed up the Rio Grande River on the east side; a table mountain concealing them from observation from Fort Craig, which is on the west side. On the preceding day Canby had sent Col. Roberts up the river with a battalion of infantry and two batteries (two 24-pound howitzers, three 6-pound howitzers and three 12-pound howitzers), and as the enemy came in sight on the 22d, Col. Roberts crossed to the east side and drove them back to the hills, thus preventing them from getting water.

Co. A of the 2d Colo. was on the left. Two companies of Texan lancers (about 160 men) charged this company, but were repulsed with terrible loss, only three men escaping unhurt, and 42 dead horses remaining on the field.

The battle had lasted but one hour, and then only 700 men had been engaged on our side, when the enemy brought their artillery into play. At the same time Roberts received reinforcements. McKee's battery crossed to the east side, with infantry and cavalry in the rear under the river banks. Lieut. Hall's battery was stationed 400 yards to the right of McKee's, with Kit Carson's regiment of Mexican volunteers for support.

At 1 p. m. Gen. Canby arrived and ordered an advance. McKee's battery moved forward, with all the infantry and cavalry, except the Mexican volunteers, to support it. Lieut. Hall's battery of the 24-pound howitzers was placed so as to take an old river bed. The enemy's object being to charge and capture our artillery, Col. Greene, Col. Scurry and Maj. Lockridge called for volunteers from the Texans, and 1,500 of them gathered in this old river bed. The rebel infantry and cavalry rushed pell-mell upon Hall's battery, but they were

REPULED BY A STORM OF BULLETS. At the same time the remainder of the Texan cavalry charged McKee's battery, overpowering McKee and killing or wounding one-third of his men.

Maj. Lockridge, with his hand on one of McKee's guns, demanded a surrender. McKee answered by ordering his men to fire. At the same instant both officers fell dead. Capt. Bascom, in command of 100 men of the 7th Inf., failed to give the order to fire until too late.

Capt. Lord and his dragoons refused to charge at Canby's command, but wheeled and fled, while the Mexican volunteers, seized with a panic, stampeded across the river, and many were drowned.

The enemy lost in this battle 200 men killed and wounded and 500 horses. Our loss amounted to 64 killed and 100 wounded. Over 40 per cent. of Co. A, 2d Colo., were killed or wounded.

The enemy did not follow our forces, and as Fort Craig was at the south end of the settlements and they had no stores, they went north rejoicing, with no opposition,

and entered Santa Fe, establishing a Confederate States Government there.

On the 4th of March our company, with all the available force at Fort Lyon, left for New Mexico, and on the 7th we reached Purgatoire River, where our regiment had already arrived from Denver. Our force then numbered 700 men. Many of the infantry were crimsoning the snow with their bleeding feet, and we dismounted to let the poor fellows ride.

The whole force being unarmed, with the exception of our troop, it was of the utmost importance to reach Fort Union before the enemy, or else the Texans might extend their victorious sway over the whole Rocky Mountain ranges. We knew that we could find there any number of good Springfield muskets, which had been sent to the fort by Floyd for the use of the rebels.

March 10 we marched 54 miles (400 of the infantry marching and the rest being in wagons), and the next day we reached Fort Union.

March 22 we started south, our force, including Regulars, numbering 1,300 men. Col. Slough, of our regiment, was in command.

March 25 the advance, composed of 180 infantry of the 1st Colo. and our company of cavalry, with 150 U. S. cavalry, left San Jose at sundown, and reached Koslosky's Ranch at 10:30 p. m. Lieut. Nelson and 20



DEATH OF LIEUT. MARSHALL.

men of our company were out on picket and came in next day at sunrise with four prisoners. One of them, McIntyre, was on Canby's staff at the battle of Valverde.

## THE BATTLE OF APACHE CANYON.

Our advance of about 400 men moved forward, and the pickets soon returned, reporting the enemy near. A shot from a howitzer caused Capt. Howland's company (U. S. cavalry) to fall back in confusion, leaving our company in the road.

Maj. Chivington, then in command of the advance, rode up and asked our Captain if we would charge. While the rest of the forces were deployed on either side, our company charged by fours right and swept down the canyon. The enemy were concealed behind rocks, but the impetuosity of our charge drove them out. Having fled horses, they escaped with the howitzer, but left 16 killed, 30 wounded and 80 prisoners.

Our company's loss in this engagement was three killed and six wounded. Total loss on our side, five killed, 13 wounded and three missing. Capt. Cook, of our company, was wounded by a ball and three buckshots in the leg and some buckshots in the ankle; Lieut. Marshall, also of our company, while breaking a gun killed himself.

## GLORIETA, OR PIGEON RANCH.

On the evening of March 27 the entire command came up, and the next day at 8 a. m. moved forward. Col. Slough sent Maj. Chivington with 430 men by a mountain trail to attack the enemy in the rear, leaving a force of only about 600 men to follow the main road. At 9:30 we reached Pigeon's Ranch, our company in advance. Our pickets came back running, and reported a large force of the enemy near and moving forward.

Our company advanced 200 yards, and, with Cos. I and D on our right, made a charge upon a battery. But we were unsupported and driven back, with a loss to Co. D of 16 killed and 19 wounded, and to Co. I of 15 killed and 15 wounded. The advance was then ordered back, and we dismounted behind Pigeon's Ranch, which was occupied as a hospital, and advanced on foot.

Col. Slough rode up to the head of our company, when Lieut. Nelson asked him: "Where in—do you want us?" The Colonel directed us to occupy an adobe corral near the Ranch, and if it became too hot there, then to fall back to a rocky ridge on the right of the Ranch. We dashed into the corral with other companies of our regiment, but solid shot through the adobe wall soon drove us up to the ridge.

From our new position we could see the enemy plainly, although the country was well timbered; their artillery was about 1,000 yards from us, and their infantry only about 300 yards distant, in a ravine. The infantry showed their heads only when firing, but we banged away with our carbines at everything in sight. Some of the boys were so tired and exhausted from want of food and rest that they went to sleep during the fusillade.

At last the enemy, by moving a battery, made it warm for us, and as their numbers were far superior to ours, they commenced closing in, and we had to fall back half a mile, leaving the Ranch in their possession.

Our line of battle was again formed, and word was passed that the enemy were going to charge our battery. Their rear-guard, as we afterward learned, had come up and reported the loss of all their wagons and supplies, and

## THIS MADE THEM DESPERATE.

We had two 12-pound howitzers, under command of Capt. Ritter, and four 12-pound mountain howitzers, under Capt. Clafin, both of the Regular Army. Two companies of the 1st Colo. were placed behind the battery. The Regular cavalry was stationed in thick brush on the left, and our company still farther to the left in a road and open timber. Three hundred brave Texans charged down the road toward our can-

non, and the rest of their forces advanced on either side. Three men of our company (I being one of them) took position 50 feet in advance of the company. The enemy came within 50 feet of our batteries, and on the right a hand-to-hand fight occurred, but the enemy were repulsed. Our company advanced 100 yards, but was recalled, and the command fell back. During the fight at this time two of our men who had been to the train for cartridges, said that at least 100 men were skulking. After crossing a clearing our battery took another position, but the battle was over and only a few shots were exchanged.

The command then moved back to Koslosky's Ranch for water, and had not been there long when the enemy sent a flag of truce, asking a cessation of hostilities for 18 hours to bury the dead. The truce was granted.

Maj. Chivington, who had been sent by a circuitous trail with instructions to attack the enemy in the rear when he should hear our guns, returned with his men after dark, and reported that they had captured and destroyed the enemy's supply train of 70 wagons, spiked a cannon and driven off the rear-guard without losing a man; but they were too far away to hear our guns, and for that reason did not attack.

The enemy commenced to retreat immediately, as they had no supplies.

Our loss was 134 killed, wounded and missing. The enemy lost 281 killed, 200 wounded and 100 prisoners. From 1,800 to 2,200 men, under command of Col. W. R. Scurry, were engaged in this battle on the enemy's side. Sibley was 20 miles away.

March 29 the enemy asked for an extension of the truce, which was granted. On the same day Slough received dispatches from Canby, commanding in New Mexico, ordering him back to Fort Union, and not to bring on a general engagement with the enemy. Slough immediately resigned his command, went to Washington, and was

## MADE A BRIGADIER-GENERAL.

When, on the day after the battle, we went to bury our fallen comrades, we found the dead of both sides entirely stripped of clothing, and we discovered evident signs that some of the wounded

## HAD BEEN BRUTALLY MURDERED.

Such inhuman acts were not committed by either of the contending parties, but the Indians in that vicinity must have been perpetrators of these deeds.

The breaking up of the Texan forces at Glorieta was of immense value to the Union. If this timely blow had not been struck to check their growing forces, the whole Rocky Mountain country might have fallen into the hands of the rebels, the Pacific Coast would have been gained, an uprising in California in favor of secession, or a Pacific Republic, would have been the result, and one-third of the area of the United States would have been wrested from the Union.

April 5 the command started southward again from Fort Union, and on the 6th our company reached Las Vegas. April 9 we marched to Koslosky's Ranch, and the next morning found eight inches of snow on the ground. The enemy now numbered 2,000. They had left Santa Fe and were retreating.

April 13 we marched 30 miles without water, some of our horses dropping dead under the hot sun. We found water at Campbell's Pass, and marched 10 miles beyond, where we joined Canby. Our force now consisted of 2,200 men, including 250 cavalry and 13 pieces of artillery. The enemy was then at Albuquerque.

April 14 we marched six miles down the pass to the Valley of the Rio Grande, and going 18 miles farther established our camp one mile from Peralta, having captured all the enemy's pickets that were near us. No fires were allowed, and the enemy's mules

between our camp and Peralta made so much noise that our approach was not discovered.

"Paddy Graydon," Captain of a company of scouts, went into Peralta and found the Texans enjoying themselves at fandangoes. He also reported much confusion among their trains having not yet arrived. Col. Chivington offered to capture the town with the 1st Colo. alone, but Canby said it was not wise to make a night attack.

BATTLE OF PERALTA.

April 15, 1862, a reveille by our buglers aroused the astonished enemy in the morning, and "to arms" was sounded by both sides. Paddy Graydon with his company made a dash into the town and back.

Our coffee was about ready when a Texan train of seven wagons was seen approaching Peralta. Our company, then composed of only 33 men, was ordered to capture it. We left our coffee and galloped away. We dismounted 300 yards from the train, leaving 10 men to hold the horses, and ran forward 100 yards; then, lying flat on the ground, the fight commenced. The lead mules were shot. The escort with the train, consisting of one Lieutenant and 35 men, gave us a warm reception, but we did not give them a chance to unfasten the howitzer they had with them. They were in rear of the wagons, and some of them took position behind an adobe wall that stood about 50 feet off. Between the wall and the wagons ran a broad acequia. We ran forward until within 50 or

60 yards, occasionally stopping and lying down to fire. At this point one of our men, Hawley by name, was mortally wounded. Lieut. Nelson, standing erect, ordered us to charge. Not a man moved. "Are you men? Are you soldiers? Charge on those wagons," cried out the brave Lieutenant.

Then we charged with a will. George Pierce, one of our boys (afterward killed at the battle of Sand Creek), remarked: "I think this is a trap"; but he went bravely forward. There was only one coward among us. He skulked back, claiming he had spilled his cartridges. As we reached the wagons 11 Texans behind them and two back of the

we raised a dirty white rag and surrendered. The others escaped toward Peralta, except two who ran in a different direction. Ruyle, Elievick and I pursued these two, calling on them to surrender. At last Ruyle shot one; the other ran a few yards farther and then surrendered. While chasing them we received a volley from those running direct to Peralta.

We asked our lone prisoner why he did not surrender when we called on him to do so. He said that he and his comrades had been told by their officers that THE "PIKE-PEAKERS" TOOK NO PRISONERS.

We allowed him to take from his dead comrades whatever he wished. Nearly all the Texans had knives made of files about a foot long.

A force of cavalry was now advancing from Peralta, and we were ordered to hurry up and get back to our command.

While the line of battle was being formed our company was stationed behind the battery, a position which none of the boys seemed to like, as, while sitting on our horses, we could see the cannon-balls leave the enemy's guns and come straight to us. Soon, however, the infantry was placed in position, and then the cavalry was formed on the right.

We could have easily demolished the town, but it was full of native Mexicans, the Catholic church being crowded. At last the cavalry prepared to charge, and two companies of skirmishers advanced under command of a Major of the 1st Colo., but a fusillade from the enemy caused the Major to cry, "Rally round the Chief." About one-half of the skirmishers rallied, with only one tree to protect them. Seeing this maneuver, it is reported that Lieut. Kerber, of Co. I, called out: "Lie down, Co. I; what for you flock together just like one wild goose?"

The cavalry was still waiting for the order to charge. About midway between our position and the enemy's battery was an acequia about 10 or 12 feet wide, and some of the boys remarked that our poor stock would find their last ditch when trying to clear it. The charge was never made, as the enemy made a break for the Rio Grande.

We fired a few shots while they were crossing. Our total loss was two men killed by a solid shot. It was decided not to capture the enemy, as we had no rations for them.

April 16 we went into Peralta, and thence acted as an escort to the enemy; we going down on the east bank of the Rio Grande and they on the west side. At one point they ran a howitzer down to the bank of the river, but our cavalry advanced, we tipped our hats to them, and they withdrew the piece without firing.

April 20 we crossed the Rio Grande and next day reached the Socorro, where a great number of the enemy surrendered. The number of the retreating enemy did not exceed 700, with only a few wagons, and the few horses they had left they had to pull along by the bridles.

April 22 we camped at Fort Craig and visited the battleground of Valverde. April 23 we moved camp to below Fort Craig, and asked Canby to let us attack the enemy, but he refused. We were then on short rations.

May 3 we had nothing but weak coffee, having eaten up our

LESS THAN HALF RATIONS, and were 300 miles from Fort Union, our base of supplies.

May 22 call to arms was sounded. Eighty-seven Texan cavalry were trying to take Pajarito, guarded by only one company of Regulars, 10 miles from Craig, and on the opposite side of the river; 300 infantry and 40 of our company were sent down immediately. At the ford, seven miles from Fort Craig, some of the 1st Colo. swam over with a rope, and a ferry was established with an old log canoe. The river was high, but we got our saddles over and swam our horses.

The whole of our company was over by midnight. Then two Regulars attempted to return with the dugout, but the rope caught them and they were drowned. The Regulars, in crossing, lost three more men out of five in one boatload. The next day we advanced to Pajarito and found that the enemy had left. Paraje is at the upper end of a cut-off, called "Jornada del Muerto" (Journey of Death), through a valley 90 miles across, without water. After a few days we returned to camp below Fort Craig.

July 23 a command under Col. M. S. Howe, consisting of eight companies of the 5th U. S. Inf., five companies of the 1st Colo., and four batteries, passed by with a supply train of over 200 wagons for the California troops who had come overland through Arizona.

Our company was sent in advance, but on the 26th of July Canby ordered back all but four companies of the 5th U. S. Inf. and

our cavalry company, Capt. Updegraff, being left in command.

Our Colonel (Chivington) then went to Denver and from thence to Washington, where he obtained an order to change all the Colorado troops into cavalry, and to take them to the States to more active service.

July 31, at San Diego Crossing, 25 miles above Mesilla, the loads of the wagons were transferred to the opposite side of the river, all the work being done by the infantry. The Regulars went below for garrison duty, and our company returned with the train.

Aug. 12 we got back to Fort Craig, when the Surgeon reported every man afflicted with scurvy.

Aug. 16 Co. A and our company, with 10 wagons loaded with sick men, left for Fort Union, and on the 24th we took the mountain road; water was scarce, and there was much suffering until we reached the Pecos River.

Nov. 12 orders came for our regiment to GO TO THE STATES, but when we reached Bent's Old Fort orders came to proceed to Denver, the whole regiment to be made cavalry.

For some time before December, 1864, the Indians in Colorado had been committing depredations, murdering defenseless men, women and children. It was necessary to check their barbarous career, and it was but just that they should be well punished for their atrocities. Among others, John Snyder, a blacksmith at Fort Lyon, while returning to the fort from Denver with his wife, was brutally murdered and his wife was led off into captivity. Two more men who accompanied them were also murdered.

BATTLE OF SAND CREEK.

Dec. 6, 1864, Col. Chivington arrived at Fort Lyon with a regiment of 100-day volunteers composed of about 600 men, and took the three companies of the 1st Colo. Cav. stationed at the fort. Our company was of the number. We marched all night, surprised the Indians on Big Sandy and surrounded them.

Just before the battle commenced Col. Chivington said: "Remember, and do your duty. Remember your slaughtered women and children. I expect you to do your duty." Geo. Pierce, of our company, was the first man killed. The Indians fought desperately, but for once we had the advantage of numbers; all the red devils were slaughtered, only three boys surviving. Our loss was about 30 killed and wounded. The number of Indians killed was about 500.

Col. Chivington was censured, and fanatics even said that the Indians were friendly or were killed after being taken prisoners. It ought to be well known that volunteers do not take prisoners when fighting Indians. No Indians were tortured, and only one act of mutilation was committed by a scout, and that was condemned by every man of the command. But all were scalped. I do not pretend to palliate the seeming cruelty of this battle in the minds of the Eastern sentimentalists. But I appeal to the sympathy of any man who has lived on the frontier, where his life,

property, and those nearest and dearest to him have been exposed to the outrages of these murderous fiends. There is a time when "patience ceases to be a virtue," and when outraged justice calls for retribution.

Jan. 19, 1865, the 1st and 2d Colo. consolidated, and the three senior Sergeants were mustered out. I was the senior Sergeant of all, and accepted my discharge.

The New Mexico Legislature thanked the California troops for driving the enemy out of New Mexico. The California troops deserve great credit for their march overland; but they did not come into New Mexico until July, 1862, after all our hard fighting was over. The honor of breaking up the rebel force in New Mexico undoubtedly belongs to the Colorado volunteers and the Regulars, under Cos. Slough and Chivington, at Apache Canyon and Glorieta, and the Legislature of Colorado passed resolutions to that effect.

THE PHANTOM REGIMENT.

BY LEVI F. BAUDER, 7TH OHIO.

On a beautiful isle of Lake Erie, In the mellowing days of September, When the hours were long seen nor weary, And the grapes are slow like an ember, In a grove whose boughs were laden with wreaths, With the murmur of a brook in the distance, The white tents of a regiment nestled Like ermines upon a bed of snow.

Where the white-crowned crows were reflected On the swell of the long curving bellow, Near where Perry's dead heroes, neglected, Lie nameless beneath a giant willow, I dreamed of our dead and forgotten, Marked entrances on the tablets of Fame, And a long line of heroes filed past me, Who for us gave a life and a name.

With measured tread to beat of drum, A ghostly column strode, In rigid ranks with arms aloft, Along a dusky road; And I seemed to see as they passed me by Full many a well-known face, Each marching onward in days of yore, In his old accustomed place, With the grace of youth; but each face was pale, And hurried by like a dream; Though lost to fame they proudly marched, As though they had fought not in vain.

They halted for roll-call, and for each name Ready HERED was said; I listened with awe, for the Sergeants there Were calling the roll of our dead. "All present or accounted for," A detail is still on earth.

To guard our flags, to mark our graves, To men who were our worth, I awakened, startled, from my sleep, And called my comrades near— "Our regiment, boys, is with the dead, 'Tis the rear-guard only here."

Comrades, we are growing older, And our fires are burning low, And the hearts of men seem colder, Than they were short years ago. When once danced the dimpling crinkles, When we laughed our cares away, Now are bared the rigid wrinkles, Over beads just tinged with gray.

Comrades, we are growing fonder, Round each yearly campfire met; Some we miss that whom none true, Faced the lead and bayonet. Some are at the outpost falling, Guarding home and child and wife, Answering to the Master's calling Of the muster-out of life.

A Boy Spy  
in Dixie.Service Under the Shadow of the Hang-  
man's Noose.

A CLOSE SHAVE.

Haunting the Telegraph Office  
for News.

MARYLAND TROOPS.

Real News at Last to Send  
North.

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It is not possible to describe my sensa-  
tions while I sat there in the barber's chair  
and was so startled by the apparition of the  
Manassas Station agent that appeared  
through the looking-glass. Of course he  
must have learned of my attempted escape  
to Washington, and the subsequent chase  
through the woods the following night. He,  
in common with all the rest of the officials  
with whom I had been in contact about the  
telegraph offices at Manassas, would, upon

into the hotel office, he would have been  
puzzled still more. A glance at the hotel  
register showed not only the name of the  
Superintendent at Manassas, but also that of  
another well-known railroad man who had  
been about the station at Manassas nearly  
all the time when I was up there. Without  
asking any questions, I stalked straight to  
my room, with a determination to gather up  
any valuables that had accumulated during  
this sick time, and to put as much distance  
at once between myself and the ghosts I  
had just encountered as was possible. I did  
not have the remotest idea at that time as  
to where I should go; my only desire was  
to get away from Richmond and out of Vir-  
ginia as quickly as possible.

I was homesick. There is nothing that  
will make a man or a boy so awfully home-  
sick when away from home, and realizing  
that you cannot get there, as to meet with  
some such "unpleasantness" as this.

When I reached my room I found my two  
clever Maryland refugees there.

Probably my manner and appearance still  
showed some signs of my agitation, as they  
both immediately became interested in me.  
The Colonel said, laughingly:

"Hello, boy! What have you been up to?"  
Fortunately for me, they both attributed  
my apparent embarrassment to a trifling  
matter, and did not pursue it further.

Elkton, the elder and more staid member  
of the "refugee" firm, told me with great  
glee and pleasure that he had received an  
assurance from the rebel War Department  
that his quota of the detachment of refugees  
that he had been gathering up would be  
specially provided for as part of a Maryland  
battalion of light artillery corps, and then  
organizing. He would be the first Lieutenant  
of this company, and as such, would, of  
course, see that his own boys were well  
taken care of. It was further explained that  
his quota would be permitted to form a de-  
tachment of itself, or at least it would be so  
arranged that one section of this proposed  
battalion would be in charge of his own men.

This plan was not exactly what Elkton  
learning of my attempt to get away, recall  
all that I had been doing about the tele-  
graph office during those few days, and care-  
ful examination into my past history would  
discover my true character.

While talking to my barber about his turn,  
this gentleman stood right behind my chair.  
He looked in the glass while talking, strok-  
ing his face, which needed the attention of a  
barber, as he had just come from the front.  
My face was entirely covered with lather,  
and while the barber stood with his razor  
suspended over my head as he talked to the  
customer, I am sure my face must have first  
turned white as the lather.

When I spied this gentleman, if I had not  
been already lying down, I am afraid that  
I should have suddenly collapsed, or have  
attempted to run off. As it was, being so  
muffled up in towels and so completely  
masked by lather, and fastened as it were in  
the stocks by mere fright, I was prevented  
from making any exhibition of myself, and  
lay there for the time being as helpless as a  
wounded soldier on an amputating bench.

He was so much interested in the appear-  
ance of his own face, as he saw it in the glass  
over my head, that he did not closely scruti-  
nize me. It was something of a relief to my  
suppressed emotions when after a long  
admiring stare at himself, he at last turned  
away to sit down and wait his turn. I  
breathed a little freer and gave such a great  
sigh of relief that the barber looked down  
with something of an expression of wonder  
in his black face. I recovered myself, how-  
ever, and began to plan to get out of the shop  
as quietly and as quickly as possible. I saw  
at once that it would not do to get out of  
the chair, which had concealed me so well,

THE SUPERINTENDENT IN THE BARBER  
SHOP.

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